Allen Edgard

Piano Collection

Checkers
Over the hill
I'm a Regular Daughter of Uncle Sam
In the City of Broke Hearts

CHECKERS

Words & Music by
LEO EDWARDS & EDGAR ALLEN

Adapted from the Super Screen Production "CHECKERS" Produced by WILLIAM FOX

Kathryn 1919

This Number is to be had on all PHONOGRAPHS RECORDS AND MUSIC ROLLS

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McCARTHY & FISHER Inc.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
224 W. 46th St. NEW YORK

Respectfully Dedicated to "Winnie" Sheehan

CHECKERS

By
EDGAR ALLEN &
LEO. EDWARDS

Moderato

Check-ers was the nerv-y fel-low's name, Who picked no win-ners in the rac-ing game, Un-til his sweet-heart picked the win-ning horse And rode to fame and for-tune on Re-morse, He played the game and won out in the end, And here is what he told me like a friend.

From the pho-to play you will ob-serve, For-tune comes to those who most de-serve, When Check-ers' fate seemed but an i-dle guess, Love took the mount and rode it to suc-cess, Your horse may balk and leave you at the start, You're sure to win when-e'er you lead a heart.

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CHORUS

Life ____ is like a game of check-ers, Just a game we play,

p-f

Ev-'ry move we make means loss or gain, Like a jock-ey in the rac-ing game,

Some ____ are driv-en to a cor-ner throw their stakes a - way, ____ On-ly

love can lift their cross-es, Make them all for-get their loss-es,

Life ____ is like a game of check-ers Ev-'ry one must play. play.

EYES THAT SAY I LOVE YOU

By FRED FISHER

CHORUS

Eyes that are al-ways tell-ing lies, naught-y eyes,
p-f
Eyes that are blue or grey What do they
want to make those eyes at me for, at you for, Just to
steal your heart a - way,

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OVER THE HILL

WORDS BY
LOU KLEIN
MUSIC BY
EDGAR ALLEN
AND
MAURIE RUBENS

Respectfully Dedicated
TO
WILLIAM FOX'S
PHOTO DRAMA
"OVER THE HILL"

Over The Hill

Lyric by
LOU KLEIN

Music by
EDGAR ALLEN
and MAURIE RUBENS

Waltz Modto
Dad-dy O' Mine, dear Moth-er di-vine, This world's un-just, I
Dad-dy O' Mine, dear Moth-er di-vine, I'll ne'er for-get that
p
fear
I saw a play, a scene from life, My
scene
The day her son brought her back home, It

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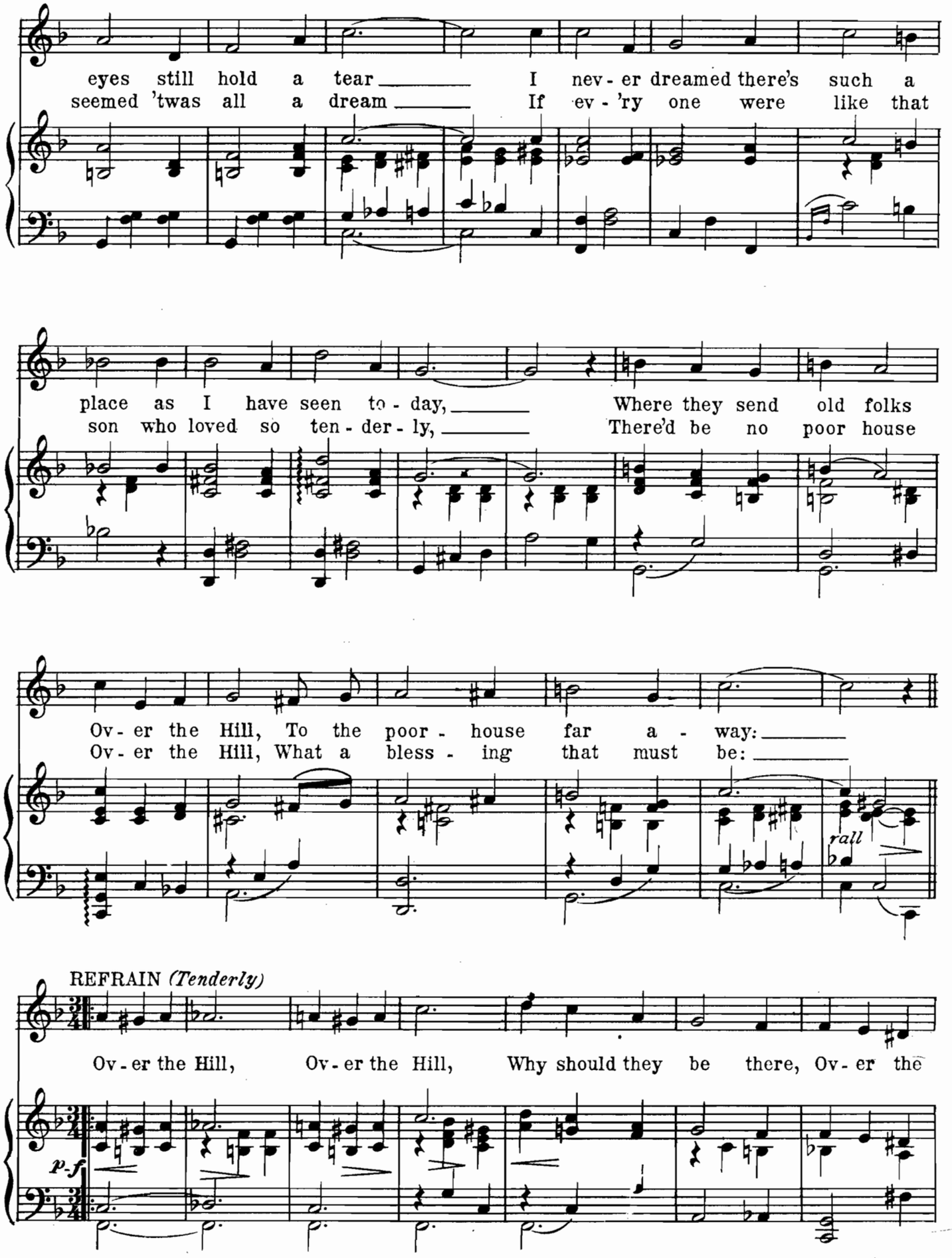
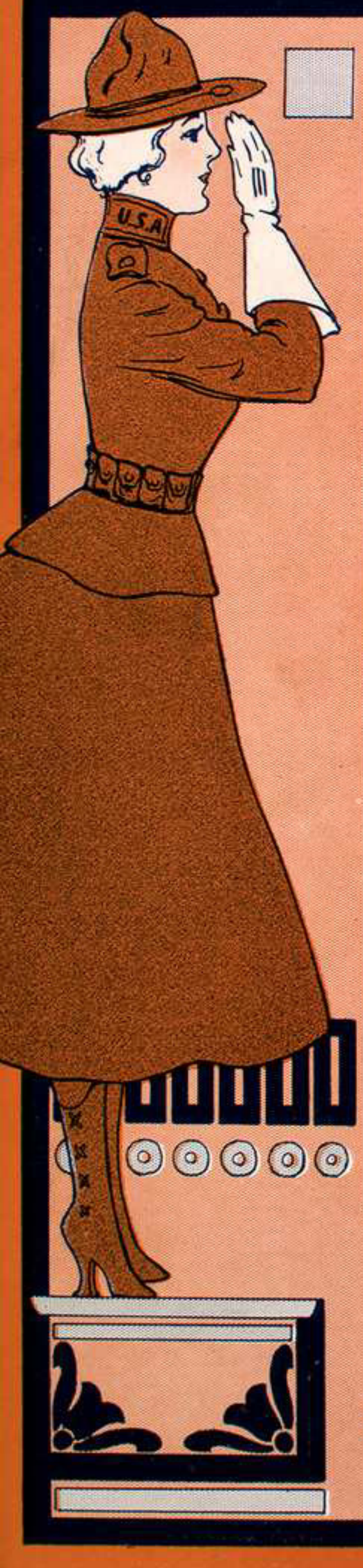
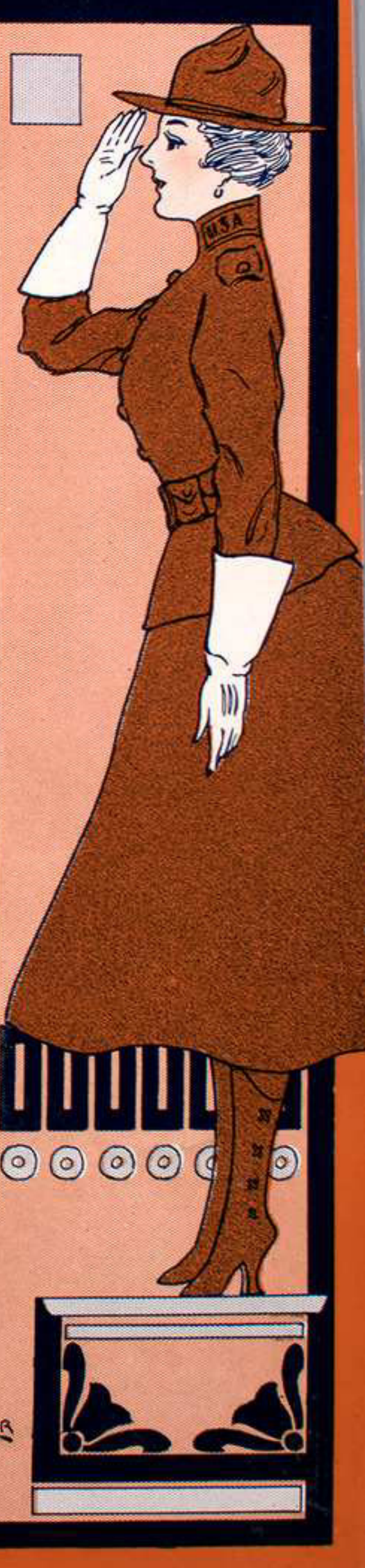

eyes still hold a tear ____ I nev - er dreamed there's such a
seemed 'twas all a dream ____ If ev - 'ry one were like that
place as I have seen to - day, ____ Where they send old folks
son who loved so ten - der - ly, ____ There'd be no poor house
Ov - er the Hill, To the poor - house far a - way: ____
Ov - er the Hill, What a bless - ing that must be: ____
rall
REFRAIN (Tenderly)
Ov - er the Hill, Ov - er the Hill, Why should they be there, Ov - er the
p-f

Hill? Where are the ones they cher-ished when small, For whom they strived, and
gave them their all, What have they done for such a fate, I
know that it is-n't God's will! In a pa-lace of gold, They should
live when they're old, In-stead of Ov-er the Hill. Hill.
1
2

I'M A REGULAR DAUGHTER OF UNCLE SAM





WORDS AND MUSIC BY

EDGAR ALLEN

Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
224 West 47TH Street
New York

STARMER

I'm A Regular Daughter Of Uncle Sam.

Words and Music by
EDGAR ALLEN

Marcia

Piano

Voice.

Vamp.

My fa - ther came o-ver the o - cean, He was born on the oth - er side,
Some stran-gers came o-ver the o - cean Who are pledged to the U. S. A.

He gave all his love and de - vo - tion To my ma when he made her his bride, My
They've caused on - ly strife and com - mo - tion When our coun-try's in trou-ble to day, The

moth-er was Scotch and her fa - ther Dutch, My dad - dy was En-glish, you see, When
red, white and blue's been friend-ly to you, Pro - tect - ed the weak and the small, If

they set - tled here, my ti - tle was clear For they made a Yan-kee of me.
I had my way, I'd jump in the fray And make them all ans - wer the call.

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Chorus.

I'm a reg-u-lar daugh-ter of my Un-cle Sam, A Yan-kee died-in-the wool am I,

p-f

I'll do an-y thing just to prove I am, Al-tho' I'm not a so-cial-ist I wish they'd let the wo-men en-list For
And if the men re-fuse to fight I wish they'd give the wo-men the right

Un-cle Sam has been a Dad to me, And now he's in a jam, I

ne-ver fought in my life be-fore, But how I wish I could go to war For I am a daugh-ter of Un-cle

Sam I am, A reg-u-lar daugh-ter of Un-cle Sam. Sam.

f *fz*

Ask for GRANADA WALTZ — *Big instrumental hit-by the writer of* ROMANY WALTZ.

IN THE CITY OF BROKEN HEARTS

WORDS & MUSIC BY
EDGAR ALLEN

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF
THE FOX FILM CORP'N

THEDA BARA

MAURICE RICHMOND MUSIC CO. INC
145 WEST 45TH ST. NEW YORK CITY

In The City Of Broken Hearts

Words and Music by
EDGAR ALLEN

Valse Lento

Piano

f

Voice

p

On the path-way of fol - ly she's drift-ing a - long In the cit - y of
From the cit - y of sor - row she's turn-ing to roam, Down the path-way that

for - tune and sor - row and song; When a voice whis-pers "May" just a
leads back to moth - er and home. To the loved ones who wait, she has

voice from the past, "Some-one told me to say, When I found you at last.
gone bach to stay, From the town where each light means a heart-ache they say.

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Chorus

mp

Down in the Cit - y of Brok - en Hearts, Where ev - 'ry one plays a

diff - 'rent part May - be you'll find her 'ere its too late,

Drift-ing a - long on the tide of fate, Down in the town where a care - less

smile, Oft hides a tear that starts. ____ Find her and whis-per her

dear moth-ers name, In the Cit - y of Brok - en Hearts. ____ Hearts. ____

1 2

f